If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maiſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him. *Enter the Prince and Blunt*
War. Here comes the Prince.
Iuſt. Good morrow, and God ſaue your maieſtie.
Prince This new and gorgeous garment Maieſty
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your ſadneſſe with ſome feare,
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court,
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be ſad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be aſſurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and ſo will I,
But Harry liues, that ſhal conuert thoſe teares
By number into howres of happineſſe.
Bro. We hope no otherwiſe from your maieſty.
Prince You al looke ſtrangely on me, and you moſt,
You are I thinke aſſurde I loue you not.
Iuſt. I am aſſurde, if I be meaſurde rightly,
Your maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate me.
Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon,
Th'immediate heire of England? was this eaſie?
May this be waſht in lethy and forgotten?
Iuſt. I then did vſe the perſon of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his law,

Whiles